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Our Outlook Tower.

REMOVING RELIGIOUS DISABILITIES.

IN the House of Commons on March 10, a last remnant of Roman Catholic disabilities in this country was dealt with in a manner which should give encouragement to our banned and harassed Spiritualists. The following report from the *Morning Post* shows how simply and successfully the Catholic appeal for equal treatment with all other religions (save Spiritualism) was made, and how promptly a Bill to that end was introduced without a single dissentient voice:—

Mr. DENNIS HERBERT (C., Watford), asked leave to introduce a Bill to provide for the further relief of Roman Catholics. As a member of the Church of England, he asked the House, in a spirit of charity and toleration, to do away with certain relics of religious strife and bitterness which were entirely out of date in our laws at the present time. The Bill, he said, swept away a number of disabilities which cast a slur, an undeserved slur, upon members of the Roman Catholic religion, among them the penalty to which a Roman Catholic priest would be liable for appearing in his robes outside a private house or proceeding from his residence to a meeting or to his church or for officiating in a building possessing a steeple and a bell. Anachronisms would be swept away which had no basis in reason and only created hostility. The House unanimously gave leave for the introduction of the Bill, which was read a first time.

REVIVING PERSECUTION.

SIMULTANEOUSLY with this appeal for complete religious liberty, a large section of British Roman Catholics is said to have organised a campaign against Spiritualism! The moving spirit in this reactionary movement is a renegade Anglican priest named "Rouse," whose persecuting virulence has for years been notorious. The *Universe* says it "has already secured the approval of more than half the English [Catholic] hierarchy." Very well, we shall await with interest the development of their illiberal assault, but meantime we learn from a Catholic source that the present Pope looks with no unfriendly eye upon Spiritualism and communication by devout members of his flock with their dear departed ones. Spiritual communion is indeed an essential part of the fabric of the Catholic Church, and His Holiness is said by those who have met him in audience, to be one of the most charitable, pious, and progressive men who ever sat on the papal throne.

THE DEAD ARE STILL NEAR.

MONSEIGNEUR BOUGAUD, R.C. Bishop of Laval, France, whose sermons were collected and published by his brother in 1889, preached sound Spiritualistic doctrine. Here is a little example reprinted for distribution as a leaflet by a lady in Paris who is not only a devout Catholic but an avowed Spiritualist:—

"The great and sad mistake of many people, among them even pious persons, is to imagine that those whom death has taken leave us. They do not leave us, they remain! Where are they? In darkness? Oh no, it is we who are in darkness. We do not see them, because the dark cloud envelopes ourselves; but they see us. Their beautiful eyes, radiant with glory, are fixed upon our eyes, full of tears. Oh, infinite consolation! Our dead are invisible to us, but they are not absent!

"I have often reflected upon the surest comfort for those who mourn. It is this: a firm faith in the real and continual presence of our loved ones. It is the clear and penetrating conviction that death has not destroyed them, nor carried them far away. They are not even absent, but living near to us, transfigured: having lost in this glorious change not one delicacy of their souls,

not one tenderness of their hearts, nor especial preference in their love, having, on the contrary, in depth and fervour of devotion, grown larger a hundred-fold.

"Death is, for the good, a dazzling translation into light, into power, into love. Those who here on earth were only ordinary Christians, become perfect; those who were only beautiful become good; those who were good become sublime!"

SPIRIT-PHOTO-REPLICAS.

MR. EDGAR TOZER, President of the Victorian Council of Spiritual Churches, writing us with reference to the Falconer photographs having reproduced existing works of art, says:—

Several years ago two mediums sat here for spirit photos and the results were remarkable. Quite a number of pictures were printed on them of which replicas were known to exist, just as in the present case. One, a well-known painting of the Madonna and Child, was reproduced on one negative, and some peculiar drawings of supposedly prehistoric animals on others. The photographer who exposed the plates was a non-Spiritualist, and made a sworn declaration that he did not fake the pictures in any way. There seems to be some means by which the spirit-artists are able to reproduce existing pictures in this manner, therefore I can readily believe that the Edinburgh pictures you printed are not fakes. The gentle public of course, cannot understand this, and will as usual be ready to condemn what is beyond their knowledge or comprehension.

"NO MOURNING, BY REQUEST."

ON March 11, the newspapers published an intimation of Lady Muir-Mackenzie's death, with the above unusual addition. Her Ladyship was a well-known Spiritualist and a charming lecturer. In our first number (June, 1912), we reported her address to the International Club on "The Mystical and Ethical Side of the Feminist Movement" from which we may quote a few memorable sentences:—

Anyone interested in the hidden side of life must challenge the obvious, and shake off the trammels of outworn tradition. To be drawn towards mysticism means to touch the fringe of infinite life. This objective life of ours is then seen in its true proportion in the cycle of the ages.

We bow in all reverence to the magnificent truth St. Paul enunciated when he says that to those who have gained spiritual perception "there is neither Jew nor Gentile, Greek nor barbarian, bond nor free, male nor female." This teaching of the essential unity of all conscious life is very important. It touches the deepest chords in our nature, breathes ideal truth, and is a revelation of the eternal, the unchanging, the typical, which underlies this our shadow world. In such an utterance we catch a vision of "that peace which subsists at the heart of endless agitation."

Who can deny that the world-wide awakening of women is a movement fraught with mystery, romance, and beauty? For the first time we hear a new note struck in the orchestra of life, the voice of the mothers of the race. We listen in awe; it whispers of undiscovered horizons; it is sanctified by spiritual grace.

Her Ladyship concluded her address by quoting "some beautiful words written by W. T. Stead"—she said, "it is not fitting in this company to call him the late Mr. Stead." These were:—"On the horizon there dawns the coming day. Woman in the East, woman in the West, are unbaring the gates of the dungeon wherein man has lain for ages. Already the light dispels the darkness. The reign of matter is passing away. The invisible world is becoming visible, and the soul is resuming its rightful throne. Signs and wonders multiply. To-day is the promise being fulfilled. And all these things shall ye do—yea and more also."

VIOLINIST AND SPIRITUALIST.

"MISS ERICA MORONI who is said to combine Spiritualism with music, was the violinist at the Albert Hall Sunday concert on February 7. Spiritualism may or may not assist her music, but it certainly does not hamper it, for she played beautifully."—So says the *Evening Standard*. The *Daily Express* says:—"Miss Moroni infused such life and sparkle into her performance that she had a double encore."

THE S. N. U. PARLIAMENTARY COMMITTEE.

The following is an excerpt from the report in the *Two Worlds* of the S.N.U. Council's quarterly meeting at Hull, on January 30, 1926:—

"*Parliamentary Committee.*—The General Secretary reported a visit to London and an interview with the Chairman of the Grotrian Hall Committee with a view to secure joint action in bringing the Bill before Parliament to amend the Witchcraft and Vagrancy Acts. It was resolved to seek an interview with the Home Secretary and place our views before him. Mr. Oaten and the General Secretary agreed to interview two Manchester M.P.'s to secure their services in introducing the deputation. The names of a number of prominent persons were before the Council, and it was resolved to invite them to serve on the deputation."

So far good, but it will be noted that no mention is yet made by the Committee of the £1,000 entrusted to it nine years ago, of which particulars are still anxiously awaited by subscribers at home and abroad.

"SPIRITUALISM TRIUMPHANT!"

Under this title the *Banner of Life* gives an account of the trial of three Boston (U.S.A.) Spiritualistic mediums, arrested on warrants and tried under "the gipsy fortune-telling law," as the result of a Houdini campaign. Seven mediums altogether were lodged in jail, though it is said 150 secret indictments had been issued by the Grand Jury. The spy witnesses were the employees of a private detective agency, and they admitted that most of what they were told by the mediums was true, and when they had asked questions about fictitious spirits the mediums said they felt no vibrations. On this evidence the judge ordered the jury to bring in a verdict of "not guilty" on every count.—In England, mediums and others tried under the Vagrancy Act are not entitled to trial by jury, and under the law as it at present stands there is no defence to an indictment. And yet we take it all so very meekly! We are pleased to note that since the Estelle protest meeting, organised and presided over by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, there has been a distinct lull in police interference. The resolutions then unanimously passed were sent to the Prime Minister, the Home Secretary, the Lord Chief Justice, and the Commissioner of Police, who may possibly have given some moderating instructions.

IS MR. SOAL CONVERTED?

MR. SOAL, the special correspondent of the *Daily News*, who has been making an independent investigation into Spiritualism, and has hitherto thought telepathy might explain all its phenomena, has had a sitting with a Mrs. J. W. Garrett at the British College of Psychic Science, and testifies that he received a remarkably accurate description of a dead relative of his, and a message which was exactly what he should have expected. He says, "I was certainly surprised that both the description and the message should be so free from the meaningless incoherency I had encountered at other sittings, and also so entirely in harmony with the facts." This frank admission denotes progress.

A METHODIST BISHOP'S FALL.

BISHOP ANTON BAST, head of the Scandinavian and Northern European branches of the Methodist Church, whose personal income was about £7,000 a year, was at Copenhagen on March 19, sent to prison for three months for committing frauds involving £10,000 in connection with the administration of funds entrusted to him for distribution to the poor. This wretched fact would not justify the uncharitable conclusion that all Bishops are dishonest, and should be "cleared out."

THE REV. E. WARBURTON, Dewsbury, makes a plea for public broadmindedness towards erring parsons, and says, "When the clergyman gets into trouble he not only disgraces himself, but brings scandal on the Church. I appeal to laymen to talk as little as possible when a sad lapse takes place on the part of the parson, because the parson is only human."

That seems good Christian counsel, for there is no particular merit in any Christian sect (whether Methodist or Spiritualist) performing a semi-barbaric war-dance over a fallen brother! To do so furnishes no evidence of their own perfection or fitness to condemn, even though they may honestly think they are thus keeping their Church or their Movement "pure"! How different the method of the Master who, when one caught in sin was brought before Him, said, "Let him who is without sin cast the first stone," and when no one did so, said, "Neither do I condemn thee; go and sin no more." That example cannot be improved upon to-day, even by the worthiest of His followers. "Retribution," says George Eliot, "may come from any voice—the hardest, cruelest, most imbruted urchin at the street-corner can inflict it—surely help and pity are rarer things, more needful for the righteous to bestow."

J. L.

THE SYMBOLISM OF HOLY WEEK.

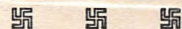
By S. FREAKLEY-BRITTAIN.

IN studying the story of the Cross we recognise its application to human life. We struggle, hope, we tread the stony path through the Garden of Gethsemane, and we lift our brows for our crown of thorns. We all know something here of carrying the cross, the gibing onlookers, the loneliness of those who carry on right to the gates of death; but after that, beyond the night, we know we shall greet the morning, triumphing over life—and death.

The old tragic story teaches us our need of strength, sacrifice, and willingness to ease another's load; the necessity to mould our present material to serve the spirit. It requires of us that the spark should triumph over the clay, but why despair? It is the destined way of life, and there is light ahead. Why should we pine for ease and luxury, which are by no means an unmixed blessing? Why wish to tread a flowery stoneless path when all in life must suffer? No one likes pain; but when it comes it is just as well to endure it with patience. Rest is sweetest to those just released from torment; a prisoner freed from his gloomy cell finds the scent of God's fresh air and the sight of the sun more entrancing than any delights applied to charm the senses of those free to enjoy them daily. Life without pain is like an artist's unpainted canvas, for pain and suffering make us feel, weep, love, and create.

The human heart is like Gethsemane. We drag our cross along the path, and not until we suffer and bleed do we reach our destiny. The key of life requires piercing and laying bare the heart of man, before it can unlock for him the gates of heaven.

Then Easter dawns and symbolises victory. Through Gethsemane has come the living spark of true being. Easter eggs, flowers, and yellow chicks, while pleasing our child fancy, symbolise fresh life. Spring triumphs over winter, and bedecks the earth with green and crimson buds. Then sunshine and flowers and radiant joy; followed again perhaps by storms and tragedies, crosses and tears, but always crowned in the end by victory and peace.



THE GREAT ADVENTURE.

By MARION J. CARPFENTER.

THE "Spiritualist Community" leaflet for February intimated:—"We are embarking on a tremendous adventure, for we want to carry the gospel of glad tidings into the East End, as well as into the West End." The night of our great adventure has come and gone. The huge hall of the People's Palace was filled with rows upon rows of people of all classes, from the working mother, with her tired patient face and her basket of groceries over her arm, to the dainty lady in silks and furs. Presently the grand organ, played by a master hand, peals forth, louder and louder until it crashes forth the good news, "There is no Death, that is but a gateway to Life Eternal!" Again it sinks almost to a whisper, and we catch the rustling of the robes of the invisible ones, breathing their beautiful atmosphere of love. They join with us in listening to the wonderful messages of joy and gladness that the two grand Apostles of Spiritualism, the Rev. G. Vale Owen and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle have to deliver. I wondered how many of that vast audience realised that life could never be the same for them again if they let the joyful message sink into their hearts and permeate their whole being. As I watched that vast assembly, about to turn with reluctant feet to leave the building, it seemed as if they too had felt the angels' presence, and had caught the echo of their paean of praise, as they joined with us in singing that grand old verse,

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him all creatures here below,
Praise Him with us ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost."

and I felt that had but one soul accepted that gospel of glad tidings, our Great Adventure would not have been in vain.

Spiritualism and the Modern Mind.

MISS LIND-AF-HAGEBY lectured to a large and delighted audience on this subject in the Grottrian Hall, Wigmore Street, on March 11. She was accompanied on the platform by Her Grace the Duchess of Hamilton.

MR. HANNEN SWAFFER presided, and said he was in the strange position of introducing a person very much more famous and important in the world than himself. Miss Lind had for many years fought on the right side in all sorts of crusades, and had been known since 1913 as "The Modern Portia." At that time she had a libel action in the Royal Courts of Justice against the *Pall Mall Gazette* and Dr. Saleeby, and in conducting her own case had spoken for no less than fifty-seven hours, sometimes at the rate of 210 words a minute! Even before that time she had been a convert to Spiritualism, and had ever been a valiant champion of the cause.

MISS LIND-AF-HAGEBY began by saying she wished to plead for commonsense in the examination of the subject of Spiritualism. So many people became hot-headed over the whole thing, and after very little inquiry condemned it in a most unqualified manner. Like every other subject it ought to be approached with commonsense. An outstanding fact about Spiritualism to-day was its enormous growth. All over the country meetings and religious services were being held by Spiritualists where the generally contented faces of the audiences seemed to show that they had found something worth while. The mere statement of the belief in survival after death would not alone attract their interest and happiness. In the post-war world there was much seeking, much striving, but very little finding of happiness. The modern mind was above all impatient of authority, inclined to throw over old conventions and formalism of every kind; it was restless and discontented; it felt it had fallen into a slough of materialism; and while there was indeed a mad search for pleasure it was decidedly striving to strike out on a new individual and independent path. And thus there was coming into the world to-day a totally new conception of religion. People were caring less for form. The Inquisition was over long ago. They did not care very much whether a man or a woman was a Roman Catholic, Anglican, Baptist, or Methodist—there was said to be 10,000 different sects of Christianity in the world to-day—but they found the modern mind judged any particular phase of religion not by its name, but by its results; by its attitude to the serious things in life: was it interested in social development? did it care for service and fellow-feeling and seek to make this world sweeter and happier? Anyone who cared for these things was religious even though he might be called an atheist or an agnostic. Voltaire, though extremely antagonistic to the Church and died defying it, had throughout his life shown a strong religious sense in his ideas and struggles for the liberation of mankind. Now what was it in Spiritualism that appealed to the modern mind? It appealed neither to creeds nor ceremonies, but to their feelings and their reason. In olden days reason and emotion were kept in separate water-tight compartments, but Spiritualism blended them together, giving full play to the religious emotions such as love, pity, compassion, sympathy, and satisfying their reason by assuring them that these emotions, which comprised the very best in them, would survive in our life beyond the grave. People had been told in their youth that they must not inquire too closely into things in the Scriptures that their reason could not accept, but Spiritualism had provided explanations, interpretations, with experimental knowledge and a coherent philosophy that had reconciled faith and science. Head and heart were no longer estranged from each other, and Anatole France, a great artist in words, had expressed this in his phrase "intellectual emotions," which would once have been thought a contradiction in terms. An "intellectual emotion" was something that satisfied our whole being. Now Spiritualism gave that, and made its appeal to the whole of man, to his cerebral and ethical sides which could not be separated. In its commonplace aspect Spiritualism first of all declared, from the standpoint of solid ground, that the soul or spirit of man lived after his body died. Now that was a tremendous thing in itself. The many religions had all stated the same thing, but Spiritualism based its statement on evidence, on facts, on verified phenomena and manifestations tested in exactly the same way as the facts and phenomena of chemistry and physics. That difference marked a great step in advance in human progress and enlightenment. Then Spiritualism claimed that there were in certain men and women supernormal faculties of cognition which enabled them to see and hear and sense things not cognisable by the ordinary five senses, and these faculties were from the ordinary

point of view called miraculous. It therefore declared that there were infinite possibilities of development in mankind, which would open out new avenues of knowledge hitherto comparatively unknown. At present our knowledge was limited by our physical senses; we were groping after reality, knowing that the appearance of a cabbage was to a man very different from what it appeared to a cow, because of the difference in the lenses of their eyes. By Spiritualistic investigation they had learned a great deal more about things as they really were. Reality was much better understood when approached through the higher psychic senses than by the merely lower physical senses. With the aid of clairvoyance they saw what was invisible to physical eyes, by clairaudience they heard voices, music, and messages that physical ears could not hear. Then by passing into trance they could leave behind their ordinary everyday consciousness and reach a higher and finer consciousness. The physical life was for the time being subdued, the physical senses were dormant, the heart beats were slower, as in sleep, but with this difference—that in the state of spiritual trance one was awake on another plane, functioning in another body, variously called the spiritual, astral, or etheric body, that dual part of us which was invisible and intangible but present with us all the time. By means of these two bodies they could even be in two places at the same time; their physical body lying asleep in one place, and their psychical body actively functioning at a distance. In the presence of certain mediums remarkable physical phenomena could be witnessed, such as the moving of material objects without contact, the levitation of the physical body—as in the cases of St. Francis of Assisi and Ste. Therese, according to the teaching of the Roman Catholic Church—the power of handling live coals without injury, the hearing of celestial music, direct spirit-writing between two closed slates, and materialisations of the face or hand or whole body of a deceased person. She had herself seen many materialisations, and it was foolish for people who had not seen them to try to discredit their actuality. There was a good deal of criticism of Spiritualism that was sound, but there was also a good deal that was foolish. For after all what was it that temples, churches, and places of worship professed to believe in if not the immortality of the human soul? And here was a movement which said to clergymen, poets, and artists, "This thing you all talk about vaguely, that you ask us to believe on authority, we have tested, we have given you detailed proofs of fact upon fact and an immense literature written by sane intellectual people, showing not only that there is survival, but that we know the present conditions of existence of those who have lived on earth and have passed over into another state, and claim that we have communicated with them. Is it not folly to close your mind, to slam the door on this knowledge which is being offered to the world by Spiritualism?" In a recent series of articles in a Sunday paper Mr. J. B. S. Haldane said, "the attractive doctrine of immortality is losing its grip on the human mind." "I think," said Miss Lind, "that is utterly untrue, and that the reverse is true." Professor William James had said the idea of immortality did not interest him keenly. "I think," said the speaker, "that is a rare thing." Arnold Bennett had dreamt of a man who had died and tried to get home to his wife and do the things he had been accustomed to do, and after looking up the facts of Spiritualism he wrote his story called "The Glimpse," which brought him an avalanche of letters from people who had been interested, but he said the subject was not one he himself took a great interest in. Mr. Zangwill had related a little while ago that Sarah Bernhardt had avowed that if she thought she was going to live for ever she would probably commit suicide! Many people might feel likewise if they thought the future life was a mere repetition of their lives on earth, but Spiritualism had taught them that the new life meant change, growth, development with endless opportunities for progress into undreamt-of happiness and into ever higher and finer states of being. In its broadest aspect Spiritualism was the opposite of materialism, and the day would come for all of them, whatever possessions they might now have, when they would have nothing to stand up in but their thoughts, when they would realise that they were all alone, about to pass through the gates of death with nothing but the souls they had marred or made by their thoughts and deeds in this life. Thoughts were living things, and they should take care now to train them to seek communion with the Highest, so that they would realise on passing from this sphere that all the beauty, all the wonder, all the freedom of God's great universe was about to be revealed to them in its fullness. (Applause.)

A very cordial vote of thanks was awarded to Miss Lind on the motion of Mr. Ernest Hunt.

A SLATE-WRITTEN POEM.

SLATE-WRITING is an interesting phase of mediumship not much known in this country, but it is accomplished in the presence of mediums specially endowed with this gift. The spirit-friends usually write their messages within two slates tightly bound together face to face during the seance. Mr. Ben W. Ray, President and Founder of The Unseen Helpers Church, Chicago, U.S.A., writes us :—

"Enclosed is copy of a few lines given to me by my little Scotch guide, 'Alice.' The same congenial and harmonious friends used to meet once a week at Mr. Burrough's home. On one occasion we were told to bring a slate each, and they were placed together in usual fashion on the table during a trumpet seance. When the lights were put up this is what was found on my slate:—

GOD AND MAN.

"God is eternity, the sky, the sea,
The consciousness of universal space,
The source of energy and living grace,
Of life and light, of love and destiny;
God is that deep, ethereal ocean free,
Whose billows keep their unbarriered place
Amid the stars, that move before his face
In robes of hurricane and harmony.

A light that twinkles in a distant star,
A wave of ocean surging on the shore,
One substance with the sea, a wing to soar
For ever onward to the peaks afar,
A soul to love, a mind to learn God's plan,
A child of the eternal—such is Man.

ALICE."

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DOES TELEPATHY EXPLAIN?

By JOHN G. WOOD, Dpl., S.N.U.

IT is occasionally manifest in the actions of men and women that the remote has a greater attractiveness than the near at hand. "Distance lends enchantment to the view." The far off, the mysterious, the difficult, the abstruse, has, it would appear, a greater value in their eyes than has the simple, the clearly expressed, and the easily understood. The latter may conceivably be more practical, and more calculated to advance the progress of humanity, but it is not clothed with the gaudy colourings of what is more highly pretentious, and is therefore less welcome.

Sub-consciousness! Telepathy!—What a godsend these terms are to certain minds! It does not matter that their knowledge of these subjects is almost nil; their names are terms to conjure with. My experience leads me to believe that occasionally the phenomena which telepathy is claimed to make clear, has in reality no connection at all with telepathy. Let me narrate the following experience which occurred now many years ago.

I had gone to a town a few miles from Birmingham to pay for certain goods that I had ordered, and to bring them back. There was very little time to do this and catch the train I wished to return by. The people in the shop seemed to me unduly slow in wrapping up my parcels, and I feared I would miss the train. I put 2s. 6d. in my ticket-pocket for the return fare, and having caught up the parcels placed my purse in my outside coat pocket. I hurried to the station and found, as I had feared, that I had just missed the train. So there was no choice but to return by omnibus.

Seated in the bus I put down the parcels and began to search for my purse, intending to transfer it from the outer to an inner pocket, but all search was in vain. For the first time in my life my pocket had apparently been picked. "Oh," said I to myself, "I won't say anything about this to the wife until the children have gone to bed; I will keep my mind blank on this point, and keep the fact as closely guarded as an oyster in its shell."

When I reached home my youngest son answered the door, and as soon as he saw me he burst out into a hearty laugh, saying:—"Oh Dad! what do you think? Mother says you have had your pocket picked!" "Does she," said I, "then she says right, for I have had my pocket picked." "Oh," said he, as his face became serious, "we all laughed at mother; we told her that no one would ever pick *your* pocket!" "Well, they have done it this time," I said.

Some people have claimed that this incident was an instance of thought-transference—that despite the fact that I had determined my wife should not know, somehow consciously or unconsciously I had communicated the information to her. And that explanation is quite sufficient for them; they don't need to know any further details; to them it is quite clear. But, unfortunately, the full facts do not square with their theory. I did not send the news to my wife. There was no need that I should do so. She knew before I did that I had suffered that loss. *Clairvoyantly she saw it done and described to me the man who did it.* And later I was able to verify the truth of this. The man was identified from her description, though the purse was never recovered. So clairvoyance and *not* telepathy is the true explanation of that experience.

If people were less concerned about buttressing up fanciful theories, and cared more for establishing the truth by considering all the facts, it would be better for themselves and for those who accept their nostrums.

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HEREDITY IN RELIGION.

By E. P. PRENTICE.

"The fathers have eaten sour grapes, and the children's teeth are set on edge."—*Bible.*

"The talents unto which a man is born, be they few or many, are dropped into the balance of account, working unlooked-for changes."—*Tupper.*

HEREDITY has become a recognised scientific word for that tendency in an animal or a plant to resemble its parents and, as Herbert Spencer remarks, "some of the best illustrations of this are furnished by the mental characteristics of the human race." This is the modern way of expressing what has been seen and talked of for ages, aye, as far back as ever there was a man to think and talk, namely, that a boy "takes after his father," or a girl "got that from her mother." They are "chips of the old block," etc.

We all know and have heard of families in which some physical blemish or beauty has been transmitted for generations from father to son, until the peculiarity has become the subject of a byword. Genius and talents of all kinds are hereditary. Humour and prodigality, melancholy and madness, likewise follow this rule with a regularity that is proverbial. And there are some of these things which may skip one generation only to appear in a more benefic or malignant form in the next.

Poets are born, and so are all great men. The rule is true that "like produces like," although the result may not be immediate, for a genius is a peculiarly constructed individual, capable of expressing what has hitherto been repressed, a sort of congenial soil in which the seed can quicken and expand beyond the normal. He is one touched with a live coal from the altar of divinity.

Is not this true also of religion? In the same way as we speak of a person being born with artistic tastes, may it not also be said that he has religious tendencies inherited from his parents which are as much a part of him as his eye or his mouth? Great preachers are usually the outcome of deep religious thought; they belong to families that have for many generations been thinkers, although it has required a long time to evolve a real practical worker.

There are many other things that must be taken into account for the irregularities and failures of this "heredity in religion." A religious man has a son apparently without one spark of reverence, but we cannot see below the surface; in nine cases out of ten his grandchild will develop the religious tendency, sometimes in the form of mania. Genius of any kind, if not strongly allied physically, is apt to degenerate into madness, whether religious or otherwise. This then is a big subject worthy of earnest consideration, particularly to those who feel that

"Tis only noble to be good,
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood."

And surely that counsel of the Apostle is not to be lightly regarded, "Be not unequally yoked with unbelievers, for what communication hath light with darkness. What concord hath Christ with Belial, or what part hath he that believeth with an infidel?"

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Know, O man, sole root of sin in thee
Is not to know thine own divinity.—

James Rhoades.

Spirit Messages from the Druid Bard, Casedyn.

WRITTEN DOWN BY WILL CARLOS.

CASEDYN'S MISSION IN THE UNDERWORLD.

THE following episode is a sequel to that concluded last month. Casedyn, with Cleo and Ena, two of his converts in the first episode, come upon a man who knows the Greek legend of the River Styx, and the ferryboat manned by Charon, who was supposed to ferry souls to the abodes of the departed. This man, self-conscious of a terrible crime he had committed because of thwarted love, deems himself so culpable as to be deserving of punishment by the gods, and in his wanderings, unguided apparently, in the spirit sphere in which he found himself, comes upon a spot which seems to him to be the veritable River Styx, but without a Charon, and so he assumes that the gods have ordained he should become a Charon. He takes up the duty, and in the boat awaits the souls of the departed. He has been there waiting for a lengthy period, waiting in the darkness for passengers who never arrive. When Casedyn and his friends appear he concludes that here at last are his first passengers, but is speedily convinced by Casedyn that his self-imposed ordeal is over, and that he is to accompany them to the Light. Casedyn writes:—

Then hand in hand we descended the treacherous slope without further mishap. Leaving the road to Attainment, we diverged on one leading to the right, and proceeding along it found our perceptions growing dimmer as we dipped into an atmosphere of night. Una clutched my arm with some show of apprehension.

"Fear nothing," I said, "we have those with us who will show the way." Even as I spoke a light shot up around, and moving with us lit up our path as we zigzagged down the declivity. Presently we came upon a cavern, and our circle of light vanished for the nonce and we entered the cavern to see if it held an inhabitant. We found nothing therein save a swinging lantern such as mariners use. Proceeding to the farther end we were greeted with the sound of rushing water, and when we reached an arch in the solid rock there at our feet swept a black flood swirling away into the darkness.

We waited awhile and the familiar sound of oars in rowlocks reached our ears. Soon out of the darkness came a boat rowed by a haggard old man. As he grounded his bark he turned and beheld us, manifesting great surprise.

"In very truth," cried Clio, "this place suggests the river Styx, of which we have read."

"Nay," said Una, "surely such places cannot exist; yet it is very like."

I was not read in the Greek myths, but knew only that death had been likened to a dark river. Then Una related to me the story of Zeus, and Charon, son of Erebus, who ferried the dead over the river. Clio suggested we should question the faded old man.

Turning my steps I approached him, and asked, "Wilt thou tell me thy name?" In a voice more like a distant echo than the sound of human speech, he demanded, "Hast thou never heard of my fame? Go read the Greek poets concerning Hades, and there thou wilt learn my name."

"Tis but now I have learned somewhat of it. Surely thou art not the veritable Charon?" I cried.

"It matters not by what name I was known; I will be called Charon while I am here. If ye are mortals newly arrived I will ferry ye over the Styx. Long, long, have I waited here in the darkness to carry someone across. But Death would seem to have ceased his labours, and ye are my first passengers."

I asked him who had bid him tarry in such an abode of gloom. He answered he had chosen to do so, for when he ventured on this spot he found the boat beached, and no Charon on duty. He decided to take up the work as a penance for his sins, and begged us to let him transport us across so that something, some act of grace or service, might stand to his credit against his huge debt.

I cried, "We are come hither to help thee, to lighten thy burden of woe, but thou must first relate to us thy story."

He mustered courage and voice enough to tell us the following:—"I lived on the island called Cerigo, and in

my youth followed the calling of an apothecary. I hoped to become a physician and to be able to cope with the scourge of disease. I loved a maiden of Sparta, but was not wealthy enough to espouse her, and therefore her parents bestowed her upon an elderly but wealthy merchant. Foiled love bred resentment in my heart, which developed into active hate, and set me scheming how to execute vengeance on the robber of my heart's mate. I studied hard, and made a multitude of compounds, experimenting with them on animals, until at last I invented a new poison which I determined to use at the first opportunity. Then came my chance. A noted physician of Corinth offered me a post as his apothecary. My hated rival's name was upon his list, and he was even then being treated for a plethora of blood. One day I was asked to prepare a potion to check his malady, caused by excessive eating and drinking. I made up the prescription, and added a trifle of the poison. My aim was first to wreck his reason, and thereafter cause his death. First there was loss of memory, then frenzy, madness, and self-destruction. I learned of his end with delight, and after waiting for the mourning period to terminate, I went to seek my lost love, hoping to win her yet. She gave me a formal reception, and seemed distraught with her grief. In anger I demanded whether she was not glad of her relief from thralldom. She chided me vehemently and declared she had learned to love her husband. I was so maddened at this declaration that I lost all control of myself, and then by some intuition she read the black guilt on my soul. She denounced me before her maidens, and a fury as of demons seizing me, I drew my poignard and slew her and her maids. That night I escaped from Corinth, and made my way to Rome. I fought in the wars with the Roman legions against the Persians and the Gauls, but never could I forget my guilt. I petitioned the gods to give my mind relief, and thus I prayed:—"Ye gods, give to my soul peace; let the dread memory cease; and set for me in the underworld some task to expiate my sin, and I will do it." Then I went out to the battle, hoping to find oblivion, and found myself here on the banks of the Styx."

"How camest thou hither?" I queried.

"That I cannot say," he answered wearily; "I came here, it seems, with dispatch, but the manner of my coming I know not."

"Then it doubtless happened that thy life was lost in the battle. The gloom of thy guilt was still upon thee and lured thee to this place appropriate to thy condition. Thou hast passed the river of death, yet exist in a sphere as real as that thou left behind thee. Thy terrible deed hath wrought its punishment; thy soul hath performed its penance; and pardon is now to be meted out to thee."

"Ye gods, can it be true?" he moaned.

"Of a verity. For we were mortals like thyself and, having paid the penalty of our errors, are now set to useful tasks. We invite thee to join us, and offer thee to share in our liberty."

"Is this place Hades or Tartarus?" he inquired.

"Mortals may have named it thus, but it is really the sphere wherein the departed prepare for a higher life, where after the stress of earth-life the spirit may unburden itself of all its grossness."

"The gods be praised for their lenity," he said, fervently.

I told him that I had been taught to use the term Gwynfyd for this abode of souls, for herein purification took place. It is a white (gwyn) world (fydd), wherein is no sin or facility for sin, only such as did burden the conscience.

"If thou canst assure me I have made quit for my sins I will follow thee gladly and render what service I may. The waiting hath been long and dreary and my soul hath been sore oppressed; I shall be truly glad to breathe the air of freedom, and enjoy a period of rest."

"Thy repentance being sincere I can assure thee of forgiveness, but thou must meet thy victims, render them some service, and win their forgiveness. Fear not, we will aid thee and intercede for thee."

During this colloquy Clio and Una said not a word, but listened to Charon's story and my assurance. Then said Una, "Casedyn, truly thou hast dipped into the mystery of love, and the seal of thy mission is set in thy brow. I feel that thou art right, and that this poor soul hath in truth worked out his right to salvation."

"And I," said Clio, "am verily assured of it."

Leaving the cavern behind us we came upon a path upward bent, and reached a wide plain rolling into the distance, where it was bounded by a line of hills. Pausing here awhile I pondered how I could best make Charon

assured. I therefore said, "Charon we may no longer call thee; pray tell us the name by which thou wert known."

"I was called Ligo of Sparta before the year of my crime, but after that used various names, and earned some that brought no credit," he replied.

"Ligo we will call thee then, until thou hast won thy new name in this sphere. Now I have much to say to thee. First, whom dost thou think is to be thy judge?" I grasped his hand as I spoke, and he manifested surprise, then answered, "It may be Zeus, whom we were taught to regard as chief of the gods, if so great a god would deign to notice me."

I smiled and said, "Nay, Ligo, 'tis thyself who will judge thee. It was thyself alone who condemned thee to solitude and darkness, and to the most forbidding task thou could'st conceive of, and 'tis thyself who must unbind thee."

He thought awhile, and then said, "I believe thou art right, for no one could judge me more harshly than myself."

"That judge," I continued, "hath condemned thee to torture and poignant distress of the soul. Now ask of the judge if thy punishment hath not been sufficiently sore. Ask if some service to thy fellows were not a better mode of rescinding thy fault?"

Again he cogitated, then with brightened countenance cried, "'Tis service I would choose; I thank the gods thou hast revealed to me the way to repose."

"Concerning the gods of which ye speak I know nothing. I fear me they be only human conceits, but that there is some Great Central Power is certain. We Druids called it Duw because it is clothed in darkness and we see it not. We call it God, but tangible form it hath not, unless the whole of nature be its form. That Power surging through thee hath shown it is not lawful to kill, and it can acquit thee when penitence so genuine as thine be felt; therefore thank the Great God for the favour we regain when we have atoned."

Clio, Una, and the other five of our company stood, deeply intent upon my teaching, and when I had finished speaking, Clio remarked, "All true science teacheth that error doth always bring pain, and that any deflection from virtue will certainly provoke its punishment."

Una chimed in, "The law which governs physics doth also apply to the mind, and disturbance of mental equation must leave disastrous results behind."

To this Artus agreed, saying, "Any infraction of law brings its own Nemesis."

"Ah," quoth Philo, a graceful youth, "but love is the healer of all guilt, the balm of all pain."

In these things we were all agreed, and prepared to move forward. But Una drew me aside, and asked me earnestly, "Is this scene we have just quit an actuality; can there be such dreadful abodes in an astral world?"

"Lady," I answered, "we bring with us each our own environment. Our minds create conditions suitable to themselves. Ligo was obsessed by an idea when on earth; he brought it hither with him, and so invested this place with the nature of his apprehensions. When these cease so the scene will vanish."

"Truly I can perceive the truth of thy wisdom," she said; "we too, who lived in the city of Attainment, combined to build that city. We starved and petrified every natural impulse, and of the stones so formed erected our abode. Loves, emotions, sympathies, were like blocks of crystal ice, piled upon each other to rear the structure and, alas, in its severity we thought we had found a port secure from every storm. Alas, alas, for the city, what will become of it?"

"When all its inhabitants realise their error as thou hast it will collapse into nothingness," I answered.

There we let the matter rest, and joined the others.

Next Episode:—"In the Temple of Buddha."

Beyond the Clouds.

By "HEATHER B.," Author of "Healing Thoughts."

AT last I had found my way to the other side of the clouds of doubt and depression, and with joy beheld the silver lining and touched the golden fringe of the heaven worlds. The bright light so pure and steady seemed to penetrate me through and through, giving the power of seeing *into* the clouds as well as beyond them.

It is a sad and lonely journey through cloud-land, the darkness is so seeming real to the human consciousness. One meets many hard tests and painful experiences on the way, and the testing extends far beyond the confines of the earth. As I passed along I heard the sighs of many sombre and troubled beings and caught their petition—"Pray for me"—breathed in low pathetic tones.

Surely I will ever pray that the light may shine through the dark mental clouds, and reach these dejected and bewildered souls who, having left all that they had lived for on earth, are still wandering in the clouds of ignorance on the other side, sighing over lost opportunities and the material illusions which had so captivated them that the development of their spiritual being had been forgotten; consequently they find themselves lacking power and the knowledge of their true condition in the new world to which they have passed.

Poor souls! whose spiritual nature was so crushed while on earth by the race-consciousness and the lure of the physical, bitterly must you feel your state, verily you must suffer, but do not despair, you are not really lost; open your eyes to truth and your heart to hope, the day shall break and the way appear!

As a wealth of compassion welled up within me for these unhappy ones, there appeared One in radiant apparel, and the clouds dispersed at his approach. What is this white and glistening raiment that seems to waft the spirit on wings of light? It was woven in the looms of earth-life by thought and prayer, by loving words and deeds. Love and service fashioned the fabric of this beautiful garment. "Come follow me," he seemed to say; "follow far beyond the clouds."

But, alas, my vision was dimming, my strength failing, and involuntarily, from force of long habit, my mind or consciousness returned to earth, attracted there by old thoughts, desires, opinions, and doubts. My celestial confidence, alas! had failed me and before I realised it I was again among the mists of earth.

Now here is where so many would-be pilgrims of the path fail. They hear the call of the Master, and within them is that which longs to express itself, to answer the call, but the road or way to them is a new one and none too easy. Not only the desire to follow "the call" is needed, but also resolve, determination, and steadfastness, with the energy that awakens the slumbering will to face and conquer all difficulties. The ship of individual life drifts with each passing wind unless there is a competent and watchful helmsman at the wheel, who knows his course and is determined to follow it in foul wind or fair.

I descended and again became conscious upon the earth-plane, and this world-consciousness obscured the light. The shadows cast by false conceptions of the real and true were all about me, an entanglement of delusions pressed upon my senses. I should have been very sad and disappointed but that I felt still attached to me a thread of the golden ray of light I had glimpsed when beyond the clouds. Like the spider hanging on to his slender hair-like line, I had dropped from the heights. But I knew I could, like the spider, draw myself up again on this fine magnetic thread by which I was connected with the home I had built above the mists of this world's illusions. I needed but to take heart and refuse to be thus overwhelmed.

In this effort to raise myself I longed to lift others too out of the blinding clouds of self-interest and suffering. Down the blessed cord of communion came a vibration like to the inpouring of the elixir of life. I no longer felt crushed, only somewhat bewildered, by the confusion and noisy babel among which I had fallen. Many were holding on to me. Will my fine thread lift them? No; but see, there are other innumerable threads quite close to them, could they but perceive them. I can help to attach them to these and with patient endeavour they too will be drawn up beyond the clouds.

I wonder, was it for this I returned to earth? Along the sympathetic cord comes the assurance, "Yes, you returned so that you might continue your work on the earth-plane, and aid in the healing of pain and in ministering to the world's need. Hold fast to the mystic cord and all is well, you are not separated from your friends in the higher spheres nor from the Great Centre whence spring all the rays of light. These rays extending their radiations into the darkness are the harbingers of the dawn of a New Day, the day when men shall know the unity of this world with the worlds invisible, when they will grasp the thought of universal brotherhood and realise the strength born of this knowledge. All in One, and God in All."

It is Time for Nations and Persons to Awake!—II.

By THE GRAND DUKE ALEXANDER OF RUSSIA.

THE GRAND DUKE was saying (see March number, page 89), that if some hostile organisation were to teach that solar warmth, light, and rays were harmful to humanity, and if these tenets were believed in and strictly acted upon by part of the human race, it would in time disappear for want of vitality conveyed by the sun. From this point his Highness proceeds with his argument, briefly stated in the above title:—

It is exactly the same with the spiritual side of the human being—the soul and spirit. Those who adopt theories denying the Supreme Power, the soul and its immortality, and ignoring all that belongs to the spiritual side of mankind, surround themselves by a wall which separates them from their spiritual sun, the Supreme Being, who alone grants life to the soul. They prevent the penetration of the vivifying rays of this spirit; they fall away from the source of their true life; they stop, in fact, the evolution of their spiritual nature. When the principle of life is thus impeded, matter and the physical body get the upper hand and individuals are unable to withstand lower influences and become the servants of evil. The live forces of spirit and soul become atrophied, and the human being returns to the animal condition. Once the soul is bereft of the possibility of manifestation, however important the progress of things material may be, people change into mere material automatons, obedient to their leaders, who are servants of evil forces, and thus become the blind and unconscious instruments of evil.

The only way to stop humanity on its sure way to peril is to wake up the spiritual side of man and to help him to restore his contact with the Supreme Spirit. This must be the task of all who love their own country and people, and wish their happiness, which is the duty of all women and men who can see clearly and who wish to serve love, good and truth.

It is painful to witness many brothers sinking into obscurity by putting their entire trust in leaders who hypnotise them with tempting promises, yet who are bereft of all spiritual vitality, and recommend hatred and violence as their only means. All who keep a clear conception of the meaning of man and his life must strive to make the masses who earn their bread by labour understand that the roots of happiness and prosperity, to which they all aspire, lie concealed within themselves. That means that as soon as they turn their souls and spirits towards the Supreme Power and the good powers of the universe, these will readily come to their assistance and lead them to true happiness. These good forces will not do so at once, for as such they never obtrude themselves; yet they are always ready to enter into any soul open to them and calling for help. As for the evil forces they will always assert themselves in conformation with their rule that any means are good to reach an aim—even hatred, intolerance, and violence, which result in a purely brutal tyranny, supported by physical strength or force of arms.

And yet if the workers, caught in the nets of evil, will not listen to these truths, we have still means to influence them for good that will never fail. Our thoughts are a force which when united with faith and a strong will is invincible. We must radiate those truths, and they will be received by our fellow men, like the waves of the wireless telegraph. Let us act thus, and we shall thereby show true love to our neighbour. To serve good, and in so doing to conquer the evil in the world, is the duty of everyone. To oppose the united forces of good, truth and love to evil will conquer it, for that seems strong only because it is active, whereas good seems weak only because we are passive.

Women must join in the first line of the united front formed in order to fight down evil for, being mothers, they carry in their souls the purest form of love. It is women who will first begin to take care of the beauty of their souls, just as they are now taking care of their physical beauty. New *Instituts de Beauté* will be created not merely to cultivate material but spiritual beauty. It is the sacred duty of mothers too to defend the souls of their little ones from evil forces, which are working for the domination of body and matter over spirit and soul.

Sceptics may say that what I have said is but Utopia and is not even worth while thinking over, for mankind is too material to be healed by such means as I suggest. I insist, however, that mankind is not inherently bad; however much he may be corrupted on the material side, the spiritual part of man is pure. Therefore I repeat

THE GUARDIANS OF THE SHRINE.



LADY PALMER has kindly sent us a print of this remarkable snap-shot taken by a lady friend in the Jeanne d'Arc Memorial Chapel at Domremy. It shows her ladyship standing beside the beautiful silk Union Jack, which at her instance was subscribed for by English women as an act of contrition to the Maid. It is signed by Field Marshal Foch and Lord Haig, and "England's Homage" is painted on the staff. No visible person was present beside Lady Palmer when the photograph was taken, but when it was developed two spirit "extras" appeared on it. They are priests dressed in the period of Joan, and are believed to be the spiritual guardians of the shrine. As Sir Arthur Conan Doyle has said—"In this case there could be no question of fraud whatever."

that love, truth, goodness, and beauty are present in every human soul; the chief thing is to awake the souls, for they are but asleep; once awake they will of their own accord choose the path of truth.

Each of us, however high or low on the social scale, is a power on earth, as soon as he enables his soul and spirit to live, for then he unites himself to the good forces of the universe, and so becomes an agent in the consolidation of the general harmony. To remain inactive, taking no interest whatever in the drama which unrolls around us, is therefore criminal.

It is not necessary to belong to any particular religion to save one's soul. One must understand one's self, and knowing the laws of the universe, in nothing transgress them. In thoughts and deeds we must always prove love to our fellow men and all living beings, and thus we shall serve the religion of love, which will become our very life.

When those who call themselves servants of God understand this living verity and follow it, then only will peace reign in the world; then only will goodness conquer evil. Complete obedience to the Christ will alone bring peace to the world. All long for it to come; no written document will give it, but only the human soul and spirit, which never expire but live for ever.

We must develop these three forces: Faith, Will, and Love, which are ever present in our being, and as the manifestation of the will of the Supreme Spirit in our soul they will grant it everlasting life. The time is coming and is already near when belief will be transformed into knowledge, hope into will, and love into deeds. Yet this knowledge can only be obtained by following the law of love. Hope will change into will when you clearly understand that to which you aspire; and love will grow into deeds as soon as you understand its meaning and its purpose.

The so-called religious life or life in God will thenceforth be one true and constant work of spirit and soul for the happiness of all. It is the religion of love which can alone give to life its new forms, those of the true human life, for this religion is in perfect accordance with the will of the Supreme Spirit and reflects it.

GRAND DUKE ALEXANDER OF RUSSIA.

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"The Great Law!"

BY way of variety we have translated for this page a beautiful fireside tale from E. Souvestre's "*Au Coin du Feu*," whose charm is enhanced by its Spiritualistic flavour:—

There lived in the days of the Frankish kings, when most of the tribes who had submitted to them still knew nothing of Christ's teaching, an old man, named Novaire, who had received the Good News and had applied himself to comprehend it. Abandoning the sinful pleasures of this world he retired to a solitary hill, near the place where one now sees Lillebonne (at the estuary of the Seine), and there built a turf hut where he lived alone, with no other occupation than that of enlarging and elevating his spirit.

Now it happened that by dint of prayer and meditation the carnal veil which hides from men the world invisible became partly open for Novaire, so that he could perceive the avenues of heaven, but he did not lose sight of earth on that account. He discerned equally the wonders of creation apparent and the marvels of creation invisible. He would glance at the woods, fields, and rivers, then raise his eyes to the region traversed by the angels of God until, still soaring, he saw the entrance to the celestial home, guarded by archangels. He heard at once the babbling of springs, the voices of cherubim and the singing of hosannahs by the blessed ones at the foot of the throne eternal. Angels brought him food and conversed with him on the things unknown to mortal men.

And thus his days passed by in perpetual enchantment. While associating with the life of pure spirits he felt his terrestrial ambitions become extinguished, and, priding himself that his consciousness had become elevated beyond the vulgar comprehension, he aspired to penetrate into the deepest secrets of the Almighty.

When listening to all those sounds which form creation's hymn eternal to its Maker, he repeated without ceasing:—"Why cannot I know that which the birds are saying in their songs, the breezes in their murmurs, the insects in their hummings, the billows in their sighs, and the angels in their hymns celestial?"

But all the efforts of his spirit to penetrate so great a mystery were vain; he attained nothing but pride and hardness of heart, for when intelligence alone expands it resembles the trees in the forests which extend their roots by parching everything growing beside them. In order that human intelligence should remain fertile and beneficent it must be vivified by the dews of the heart.

One day he descended from his ever-verdant hill to traverse the valley below, then withered by winter, and he saw coming in his direction a troop of soldiers leading a criminal to the gallows. The peasants were running up to see him, and were loudly recounting his misdeeds, but the condemned man merely smiled on hearing them, and far from giving any sign of repentance he seemed to glory in the wickedness he had committed. When he arrived beside Novaire he stopped suddenly and cried in a railing tone:—

"Come here, holy man, and give the kiss of peace to a man about to die!"

But the hermit stepped back, indignant, saying:—"Go, wretch, to your death; it is not meet that pure lips should touch one who is accursed!"

The criminal resumed his march without a word, and Novaire, deeply stirred, betook himself to his hermitage. But on arriving there he stood dumbfounded. The aspect of everything had changed. The trees, which the presence of angels had kept ever green, were now leafless like those in the valley, and where a few hours before wild roses were blooming hoar-frost glittered, and sterile rocks showed through the withered moss.

Novaire awaited the celestial messenger who brought his daily food, in order to learn the cause of this transformation, but the angel did not appear. The world invisible had become closed to him, and he had fallen back into the common misery and ignorance of humanity. He recognised that God was punishing him, without divining what sin he had committed. However, he submitted himself without revolt, and kneeling on the hill, prayed:—"Since, O my Creator, I have so deeply

offended Thee, I must inflict upon myself a chastisement. From to-day I shall leave my solitude and pledge myself to march straight ahead without other repose than that of the night, until Thou witnesseth by some visible sign that I have merited Thy forgiveness!"

With these words Novaire took his hermit's bell, his breviary with the iron clasp, and his holly staff; he encircled his waist with a leathern thong, fastened on his sandals, and with a glance of adieu to his lofty retreat he directed his steps towards the wild peninsula which later received the name of Jesnétique. That country, now dotted with villages, farms, and harvests, had then no trace of paths excepting those made by wild beasts. Novaire therefore had to ford rivers, cross marshes, and traverse heaths, finding only at distances apart a few poor dwellings, whose owners mostly repulsed him. But he suffered his privations and fatigues with serenity. Having no other aim but his rehabilitation before God he surmounted obstacles with patience and accepted pains with resignation. And thus he reached the extremity of the peninsula, not far from the place where later was built the celebrated abbey of Jumièges.

The country there was covered by a forest in which pirates secreted themselves to sally forth in light willow boats covered with skin, to attack vessels ascending and descending the river laden with precious merchandise. One evening, when hastening to reach the river-bank, he came upon a clearing where four pirates were seated around a fire of reeds. At sight of him they rose, ran to him, and dragged him near the fire to strip him. They took his robe, his belt, his book, and his bell, and seeing he had nothing more they deliberated whether they should let him go. The oldest pirate, named Toderick, cried that they should keep him to row their boat, and the others consented.

Novaire was bound with three chains, one for his feet, one for his arms, and the other for his body, and became the pirates' slave. He prepared their food, sharpened their weapons, looked after their boat, and rowed it, without receiving any other recompense than blows and maledictions. Toderick especially showed himself pitiless, adding jeering to cruelty, and constantly asking the hermit of what service to him was the power of God?

One day, however, the four pirates attacked a vessel coming down the Seine, which happened to be transporting a troop of archers. It received them with a shower of arrows, killing three of the bandits and wounding Toderick, whose chest was pierced by an arrow. Novaire then turned the boat towards the bank, which he safely reached. He found himself free to take flight, but he was overcome by a holy pity for those who had made him suffer so long. He buried the three dead men, and approached Toderick, who, judging the hermit by his own savage nature, thought he was coming for vengeance and said, "Kill me quickly, without making me suffer." But Novaire replied, "Far from ill-willing you your life, I should like to buy it back at the price of my own."

The pirate was touched and astonished. "That," said he, "is beyond the power of any man, for I feel already the coldness of death advancing towards my heart. If it be true you wish me well, in spite of what I have made you suffer, give me but a little water to quench my thirst."

Novaire ran to the nearest spring and brought water to the wounded man, who drank it, looked at the hermit, and said, "You have been kind to one who has been cruel, but would you do more and accord the kiss of peace to a sinner?"

"I will," said Novaire, "and may it become for thee a benediction!" With these words he stooped over the pirate, who received the kiss of peace and died.

* * * * *

At that very moment a voice in the air uttered these words:—"Novaire, your trial is over. God punished you for refusing pity to a sinner; He rewards you for having pardoned one who was also very wicked. All the treasures you lost through hardness of heart you have reconquered by love. Lift up your eyes then and open your ears for now you will understand the meaning of all the sounds of heaven and earth."

The hermit, who had listened with mute astonishment, lifted up his head. The trees despoiled by winter had suddenly become verdant, the frozen rivulets had resumed their course, the birds were singing in hawthorn bushes covered with may, while high overhead he saw angels ascending and descending Jacob's ladder, cherubim passing over the clouds, archangels clashing their flaming swords, and the saints singing hymns celestial. And all these sounds formed one great choir, uttering only these words: "*Love one another!*"

Then Novaire abased himself, with his forehead in the grass, and cried: "I thank Thee, Lord, and praise Thee; for now at last I have learned THE GREAT LAW."

J. L.

SS. Paul's and Peter's Remains: Are they in Britain? -IV

By FREDERIC W. THURSTAN, M.A.

WE have seen that about the close of A.D. 667 Pope Vitalian had dispatched, as a present to King Oswy of Northumbria and to consecrate the new mission, the "relics" of certain minor saints named in his accompanying letter as Laurentius, Johannes, Paulus, Gregorius and Pancratius. We have suggested that these were sent chiefly as a blind to the fact that secreted in the same consignment were the mortal remains of "the blessed Apostles St. Peter and St. Paul," which were being entrusted temporarily to the care of Oswy, for fear that they were in imminent danger of being despoiled by the Emperor Constans and carried off to enrich the Eastern Church in Byzantium. We have seen too that the consignment had duly arrived—the secret of the precious "extras" being known only, in England, to King Oswy, his Queen Eanfleda, and their trusty intermediary Benedict Biscop—the Abbot Director of his realm—and, in Rome, only to the Pope and his intimate counsellor the Abbot Adrian of Naples.

It remains for us now to discover how these relics of the Apostles were secreted and guarded, and how those of the minor saints—the arrival of which was publicly known—were disposed of. The excessive precautions taken show that Oswy was in possession of no trumpery articles, but the actual treasured bodily remains of the Apostles and Saints—which the word "relics" as used by Popes in that era, indeed implies.

Let us first trace the relics of the minor Saints. Of the five named above, as there were so many martyrs named John and Paul and more than one Gregory, these three cannot well be identified, but Saints Pancras and Laurentius are well known. Both Pancras, the boy martyr who suffered in the arena of Rome in A.D. 304, and Laurentius, the Roman deacon martyred in Rome A.D. 258, had their tombs and attached oratories on the Via Tiburtina in the environs of Rome, close to the family estate of Gregory the Great, who made these two the patron saints of his boyhood; so when he sent off St. Augustine on his mission for the conversion of Britain in A.D. 597 he petitioned these saints in particular to bless and patronise the effort. And we find Augustine as soon as he had landed in Kent dedicating to St. Pancras an old ruined British church at Canterbury, which had been left desecrated after the invasion of Hengist's heathen hordes, and restoring it for use as the first Church of the Latin Faith in England. That chapel has stood there through the ages in a corner of the precincts of the Augustine monastery. Engravings of its appearance as it survived at the beginning of last century may be seen in books of the county's antiquities. Subsequently it was demolished for new erections, and in its stead a church was dedicated to St. Pancras in N. London—all remains found in the chapel vaults being transferred to the Cathedral. That the actual bodily remains of this saint did rest in that chapel is strongly indicated by the fact on record that St. Dunstan, when he resided at Canterbury, used daily to spend several hours in prayer in the oratory attached to St. Pancras' Chapel.

Similarly, with regard to the remains of St. Lawrence, we find shortly after the arrival of the Vitalian consignment a small chapel dedicated to this saint at Bradford-on-Avon, in Wessex, and used as the daily oratory of the Wessex missionary, Aldhelm. A small church of Saxon architecture still stands on the spot. Doubtless in this oratory, according to the Gregorian custom of consecration, the actual bodily remains of the saint reposed.

From these facts we may gather that Oswy sent St. Pancras' remains to Kent and St. Lawrence's to Wessex, as these two kingdoms were allies of his overlordship, and partners in his petition to the Pope for the consecration of a new Latin mission. For himself, as his ostensible share, Oswy probably retained the relics labelled Paulus and Johannes as a cover for the fact he kept secret that he was also in possession of the temporarily loaned relics of the two Apostles, Peter and Paul.

How did he find for these private treasures a dignified resting-place secure from prying eyes? Without doubt it was in his recently-erected private royal abbey at Whitby. The foundation of this abbey is a romantic story. It was erected to commemorate Oswy's victory as champion of Christianity over Penda of Mercia, the

champion of Saxon heathendom, at the battle of the Aire, near Leeds. The story recorded by Bede is that on the eve of the battle Oswy was praying with his Queen, Eanfleda, and she persuaded him to make a vow to God that if victory for the Christian cause were vouchsafed to him they two would dedicate to the service of Christ's Church their beautiful child Ethelfleda. After the victory, accordingly, he immediately consecrated the daughter to take the veil and placed her as a novitiate in the care of a courtly and sainted Northumbrian princess called Hilda, who retiring from court, had started a small nunnery near Hartlepool. Then he set about building for them a grander abbey on his own private domains at Strand's Hall, as it was then called, afterwards known as Whitby or the White Town. On the cliffs over the old fishing harbour at the mouth of the Yorkshire Esk the ruins of the abbey stand to this day.

Besides the religious convent he also erected a chapel with a private oratory for Queen Eanfleda and her daughter, and a royal library, record room, and holiday home of rest for himself. The erection of these buildings had been completed only a few years before our date of A.D. 667. The Lady Hilda was installed as the first abbess, and her young charge, the nun Ethelfleda, was given there royal quarters for her life's home, so that she could enjoy the frequent companionship of her mother Eanfleda. Hilda was a lady of such remarkable dignity and sanctity that the countryfolk have ever revered her as a saint, and to this day the Whitby folk will stand on a traditional spot at a certain hour on summer morns or midnights to watch for her apparition to shine out in the guise of an angel spirit on a certain mullion of the abbey. The romance of the life of the fair Ethelfleda—Hilda's successor as the second abbess—is equally a popular tradition—one which appealed to Sir Walter Scott, as readers of "Marmion" may remember.

It was in the royal library of this Abbey of Whitby that Bede in his old age discovered the document of Vitalian which he published in his Church History, and here also Usher, prowling in later times for records, rediscovered it. It contained the Pope's specific contract to support his overlordship, yet, owing to the other secret therein regarding the relics, it could not be published as a State document. So Oswy filed it here, probably with his own hands, among his family records; and here also he must have privately superintended the deposition of the relics beneath the Queen's oratory. For we find that the chapel, just now completed, was formally dedicated to St. Peter at this time. We also find Queen Eanfleda from this time deserting her court activities and secluding herself in the abbey as its presiding patroness. She even makes herself the president abbess, with Hilda subordinate to her. She evidently wished to keep her oratory free from the supervision of the managing abbess. These transactions speak their secrets to such as have our clue. With the bodies of St. Peter and St. Paul in her charge, in the vault underneath her feet, she daily prayed to the Apostles to aid her mission schemes, and awaited the sorrowful day when the Pope's secret messenger might arrive to reclaim the loaned treasures for Rome. But during all the next year, 668, no message came. Let us return then to the Roman capital to see what is happening there.

Pope Vitalian and his sole confidant, Abbot Adrian, as soon as they had managed at dead of night to consign without attracting notice the precious relics of the Apostles (then secreted for safety in one of the cathedral's vaults) to the charge of Oswy's retinue of messengers, started them off to ship at Ostium, on a barque awaiting them specially chartered for their designs. Then they set themselves to the task of finding a suitable ecclesiastic to conduct this new British mission reform, in the place of Wighard deceased.

Now, if their object had been to find merely a man best fitted to evangelise Saxondom through a revival tour of the land and thereby to supply the necessary mission work—hitherto solely conducted by Celtic missionaries like Aiden and Colman—of preaching to the masses and reforming them, they would have naturally selected another man, like Wighard, a popular Saxon evangelist, but they did not do this. If again their main concern had been to find a man competent enough to expound to the Saxon populace the superior refinements and amenities of the Latin services and ceremonies over the primitive methods of the Celtic Culdees, they would have selected a man like Wilfrid, or some Roman or Gallic young priest of their best training, but they did not. But, if the case were, as we are supposing, that the Pope had parted with the most valuable means the Vatican enjoyed of keeping in touch with the close

association and presence of the two Apostles as guides to inspire their consultations and answer their perplexities, they would naturally select a man most fitted not only to keep their secret trust faithfully, and act as their representative for the custody and return of the loaned treasures, but also someone specially competent to receive the inspiration of the Apostles and be a medium or representative for channels of guidance in case of any need of the Vatican to consult them. Now this is exactly what they did, and at great expense of time and trouble.

Providence and the Spirit-world must have been helping Vitalian; for they found already provided for them the very man most suitable for such a high purpose. It had happened that one day, some two years ago, there had come to Abbot Adrian's training school for monks at Naples a young man of the Eastern Church, a native of Tarsus, trained in the college there and also at Athens, who had taken what was called the "tonsure of Paul"; that is, had devoted himself to the guidance and service of the great missionary Apostle, to carry on the work of his purpose. He had daily prayed in a hermitage or in an oratory to his patron saint St. Paul for guidance, and it had been impressed on his spirit strongly that St. Paul's mission work lay unfinished more in the West than in the East. Consequently he had renounced his connections and prospects in the Eastern Church, and came to petition Adrian for instruction and commission to fit him for mission work in the Roman See. His name was Theodore, and he left that name emblazoned in the annals of our Church and country at the head of its roll of patriot servitors. This devotee was selected for the post, and accepting the responsibility was sworn into faithful allegiance, in regard to the Pope's secret trust and commission. Unhappily he was not in clerical priest orders. He had to be ordained and passed through the initial grades before he could be ordained a bishop. This would take a year's waiting. But the Pope, it so happened, could afford the time, for luckily next spring—A.D. 668—the menace of the plundering tyrant's visit to Rome was removed. Just when Constans had all his troops ready in Sicily to start for Rome, he was assassinated in his bath through the plot of an ambitious general who, starting a general mutiny, succeeded to get himself acclaimed Emperor of Sicily, and started a regime of plundering brigandage.

Constans' son and successor in Byzantium—Constantine Pogonatus—was not a man tamely to allow this usurper to continue unchallenged. During the summer he concentrated a large expedition, both of ships and troops. In the autumn he landed in Sicily and crushed the ill-organised rebels without much trouble. The Saracen leader in Tripoli, having an indifferent fleet, abandoned his project of attacking Sicily and Naples as long as Constantine kept his grand fleet and army protecting these regions. But Constantine did not disclose to the Vatican whether his intentions were to continue his father's policy of suppressing the dominance of Rome. The Lombard levies were also waiting near Rome watching for his military policy to reveal itself.

Consequently, in the autumn of 668, Theodore was duly and ceremoniously ordained bishop for the reorganisation of the Gregorian mission to Britain, and was started off with Adrian to act as his conductor through France, and with Biscop as his guide as to Saxon customs and his instructor in Saxon vernacular. The members of the party were duly given letters of introduction to the Courts of Lyons and Paris, through whose domains their route must take them. As we noticed in our introductory survey of this period, the ecclesiastics of these districts were in a state of open rivalry and insubordination against Roman claims of liegdom. It is evident that all the recent transactions conducted so secretly by special commissioners between the Papal See and the overlord of England, had begun to excite their suspicions, if Wilfrid had not already written to warn them. For plainly the shrewd primate of Northumbria must have been already puzzled over Oswy's strange proceedings at Whitby.

Anyway, as soon as the travellers reached Arles and presented their letters of recommendation to the archbishop of that city, the Provost Marshal Ebroin detained them, pretending that he required instructions from the new Byzantine emperor before he could give them a permit to proceed. Adrian therefore, to throw dust in his eyes, had to pretend that he personally was not acting for Vitalian, but had come simply to visit his old friend the Bishop of Meaux in the neighbourhood, and bidding his companions farewell he departed thitherwards. Theodore claimed that the Popes had rights of permit for their Saxon bishops-elect through France, and Biscop threatened Ebroin with King Oswy's displeasure. Ebroin relaxed so far as to allow the two to proceed to Paris and await there, pending the arrival of Constantine's answer. In Paris they were royally entertained by Agilbert, the bishop of the city, who with effusion of politeness plied them with questions about

the Church's new Saxon mission, trying to satisfy his suspicious curiosity, but diplomatically pretending his readiness to assist.

It was not till the spring of next year, when the King of Kent, acting on Oswy's suggestion, sent over his Reeve Warden with peremptory letters to Ebroin and Agilbert, that a stop was put to all this pretence. Under the wing of this Reeve, Theodore proceeded to Etaples, on the Picardy coast, but there, whether due to these annoyances of travel or to tampering with his food he was suddenly seized by a grievous sickness. Luckily he speedily recovered—his powers as a spirit-healer in other cases are constantly recorded—and on May 27, A.D. 669, he landed safely at last in Kent, and trod the shores of the Isles of the West, ever after to be the home of his adoption and the arena of his consecrated emprise. His was a character of extraordinary ability, initiative, tact, resource, earnestness, and enthusiasm. Truly England was blessed by his advent, and his guide, St. Paul, must have been well content in this new son of his service and companionship. Installed at Canterbury he began at once a tour of the principalities, paying his respects to Oswy first at the Northumbrian Court. He must have also paid a formal visit to Queen Eanfleda in her retreat at Whitby Abbey.

Next year we find Adrian arriving, and installed by Theodore with the grant of the Augustine monastery at Canterbury as a residence. He came this time as a special envoy from the Pope, and so the French officials had no excuse to prevent his passage. The specious pretext of his mission was to instruct Theodore carefully as to the Papal Conclave's views regarding the One Will controversy. The real reason was to instruct Theodore regarding arranging a plan for the recall of the Apostle's remains in the near future, now that Constantine was returning his troops to Byzantium, and leaving Rome in peace. Theodore had just arranged to bring Adrian to Northumbria for introduction when King Oswy suddenly in February, A.D. 670, was taken ill, and breathed his last after making the announcement—to us with our clue so significant—that if he recovered he intended to visit the Pope in Rome "in order to confer with him on a private matter."

When Theodore and Adrian, with Biscop, came after the funeral ceremonies were over to take leave of Queen Eanfleda in her Abbey, there over the resting mortal remains of the two Apostles, the four sole depositaries of Vitalian's private secret must have met in anxious deliberation. The question must have arisen, should Ecfrith now, as Oswy's successor, be initiated by his mother into the secret terms of the contract, and sworn to its obligations? That must have been decided to be done. Otherwise it would be difficult to account for the extraordinary tenacity Ecfrith displays in supporting Biscop and Theodore against the machinations, intrigues, and demands of Wilfrid, his Primate, for the right of inspection of all abbeys and monasteries in his diocese.

Ecfrith's conduct immediately after the State funeral is curious and noteworthy in another way. We find it recorded that he presented Biscop with a large grant of land in the private royal estates at Wearmouth, and gave him official orders to construct thereon a new Benedictine monastery, to serve as a private royal retreat for him, even as Whitby served his mother. In virtue of it being his private property he endowed the institution with a special charter of immunity from official, civil, or ecclesiastical inspection.

The fact that this order was carried out by Biscop with such extraordinary precautions for secrecy—no architect was employed, Biscop himself drew up all the plans, procured special masons and materials from France, and superintended the erection—and that the building when finished was dedicated jointly to St. Peter and St. Paul, also that Wilfrid immediately began to demand the right of entry and inspection of this monastery, shows that something of importance was concerned.

All this points to plans for the transference of the Apostles' remains from their temporary repository at Whitby to a permanent resting-place at Wearmouth. This took some two years to effect, and just when all was completed, suddenly on January 17, A.D. 672, Pope Vitalian died. Five persons only were left on earth with the secret, and only one person—Wilfrid—guessed it and tried to discover it. The extraordinary intrigues and counter-moves that now followed between Wilfrid *versus* Biscop and Theodore will form valuable additional corroboration to be detailed next month.

(To be continued.)

ORDERS for back numbers containing Mr. Thurstan's remarkable articles, revealing for the first time in history that St. Paul's and St. Peter's remains lie buried in Britain, are reaching us from the most distant countries of the world. This series began in January and can still be supplied. Further fruits of Mr. Thurstan's scholarly research will appear in the *Gazette* every month this year.

American Spiritualists Appeal to The Senate.

"RELIGIOUS INTOLERANCE IS THE SUBTLE UNSEEN HAND."

SPIRITUALISTS in the United States are fighting against a Bill which proposes to prevent fortune-telling for fees in Washington, which is really a covert attack against Spiritualism. They were recently present in force at The Capitol, in Washington, to lay their case before a Committee of the Senate, and so was Mr. Houdini with many aggressive supporters of the Bill. Feeling became so intense that Capitol guards were summoned to stand ready to prevent physical combat. Houdini charged the Spiritualists with being "fakers," and they replied that the religion of Spiritualism was being insulted.

At one stage in the proceedings Houdini offered 10,000 dollars to anyone present who could tell him what was in a telegram he tossed on the table. Representative Reid, Illinois, without blinking an eye, snapped out, "Why, it says 'I can't be there to-day.'" "That's a guess," Houdini responded; "you are no clairvoyant." "Oh yes I am," replied Reid, and it turned out that his quotation was absolutely correct, but Houdini insisted "it was all an accident" and stuck to his dollars!

We quote the following eloquent appeal delivered to the Committee by Pastor Alfred H. Terry of The First Spiritualist Church, Washington (which is greatly admired by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle), from *The Banner of Life* :—

MR. CHAIRMAN, GENTLEMEN OF THE COMMITTEE: Theodore Roosevelt once said "The grandest sport in the world is to champion an unpopular cause when you know you are right." This, gentlemen, is my position to-day. I rise to champion an unpopular cause and I know I am right. That cause is Spiritualism and mediumship.

That cause is on trial here before you to-day, for it will depend upon the verdict of you gentlemen whether it will go on casting its light of truth and comfort on sorrowing mortals or whether it will be smothered under the yoke of tyranny and oppression. The eyes of the enemies and friends of Spiritualism and mediumship are upon you, one to have you wipe out and destroy, the other to have you uphold and protect. If this fortune-telling bill of Senator Copeland's becomes a law our sacred rights of religious worship, as guaranteed us by the Constitution, will be destroyed.

Spiritualism is a religion, the substance of which is a belief in God, the immortality of the soul, and the possibility of spirit-communion, as demonstrated by mediumship. Mediums are those whose spiritual powers are developed, which enables them to establish means of communion between the living and the so-called dead. Spiritualism is organized in this country under the head of the National Spiritualist Association. This and the National Spiritual Alliance are the only two national bodies I know anything about. The First Spiritualist Church of this city, which was founded over thirty years ago, and for which I have served as pastor for the last ten years, is chartered under the National Spiritualist Association, along with many hundred other Spiritualist churches throughout our country.

As a religious people we hold to the Bible, as it gives us the foundation for our religion. From Genesis to Revelation the Bible furnishes strong evidence of the spirit-world, and the intercommunion with spirits and mortals. Of the many occurrences of spirit-communion with mortals in the Bible, I wish to call to your minds only one, an account of which is found in three of the four gospels. I refer to that remarkable Spiritualistic seance on the mount. The medium was no less a person than Jesus Christ Himself, the witnesses were His confidential disciples, Peter, James and John, the spirits who appeared and spoke were Moses and Elias. Here is the rock upon which our church stands, here is the foundation upon which all true mediumship rests, for did not Christ say, "He that believeth in me, the works that I do shall he do also, and greater works than these shall he do."

I have here sought briefly to reveal to you what true Spiritualism and mediumship really is. Now, I will give you our objection to Senator Copeland's Fortune-telling Bill. In protesting against this Bill, I am not only speaking for the members of the First Spiritualist Church, but for all the Spiritualists in the District of Columbia, many of whom are members of other Christian churches. I am also speaking for a vast number of Spiritualists throughout our country, who are greatly concerned over this Fortune-telling Bill, because they know that if it becomes a law here in the Capitol City, it will not be long before it will be used as a model by

the enemies of Spiritualism, and enacted into laws throughout the States.

The bill strikes at the most vital part of our religion, for if it becomes a law it will muzzle our mediums, who are the exponents of our religion, and without whom our religion cannot exist. The work of our mediums in giving private interviews, in which they exercise the gift of prophecy, and that of the discerning of spirits, is as vital a part of our religion as that of the religious exercises of the representatives of any other religion, for which money is paid, directly or indirectly.

I can best illustrate to you the relation of our mediums to the religion of Spiritualism, by explaining the relation of the Christian Science religion to its practitioners. Christian Science is a religion, the vital principle of which is the healing power of the spirit. The Christian Science practitioners demonstrate this healing power and receive a fee for so doing. If you made a law which barred the Christian Science practitioners from charging a fee for their healing treatments, you would injure the Christian Science Church.

The same principle holds good in the religion of Spiritualism, only to a still greater degree. The vital principle of the teachings of Spiritualism is communion with the so-called dead, and the mediums demonstrate this vital factor in their private interviews. Make a law which prevents them from so doing, and you will greatly injure the religion of Spiritualism.

The charge has been made that there are fakes in Spiritualism. Can you name a single religion, profession, or business in which there are not fakes? Would you think of making a law barring all doctors from practice here in this city, simply because we have some quacks here who are bleeding the public of thousands of dollars? Certainly not! You would not think of making the innocent suffer for the guilty by making such an unjust law. Then, why in the name of truth and justice should you make a law barring all mediums from the practice of their spiritual gifts in this city, because the charge has been made that some are fakes?

There are Spiritualist mediums in this city who are honest, respectable people, some of whom have lived here for over thirty years. They are taxpayers, owners of homes and rearers of families. These mediums and Spiritualists of this city are human beings like yourselves, and their religion is just as sacred to them as yours is to you. In the last few weeks they have had to see their religion dragged through the mud of slander and malice, they have had to witness their beloved mediums called every vile and contemptible name; they have had to stand all this with no redress. And now, to top all this infamy, comes this Fortune-telling Bill, which strikes at the most vital part of our religion, for that which strikes at our mediums seeks to destroy the heart which pulsates the life force throughout the body of our cause.

The charge has been made that all mediums are fakes; such an assertion is as absurd as to say that all money is counterfeit. The very fact of a counterfeit is evidence of the existence of a genuine. These charges against Spiritualism and its mediums are the work of Mr. Houdini and the powers behind him. Spiritualism and its mediums are before the bar on his testimony and that of his paid spies.

Our cause is worthy a greater foe. If he were a distinguished and world-renowned scientist who, after years of fair and unprejudiced investigation of Spiritualism and its mediums, came forth with such assertions, he would gain the attention of all thoughtful and intelligent men. But who is this Houdini? He is a showman, and has been a showman all his life, and as a showman he must have his publicity, for without publicity a showman cannot exist. This fact was well established by Barnum and Bailey. It so happens that Spiritualism and mediumship furnish Mr. Houdini with the very best means of gaining this necessary publicity.

Now, as to the value of Mr. Houdini's testimony as a magician against mediumship. The world's greatest magicians do not agree with Mr. Houdini that mediums are all fakes. Mr. Funk, in his book "The Widow's Mite," gives a number of letters from the world's greatest magicians expressing themselves concerning the phenomena produced through mediumship. The following are two extracts: Harry Kellar, a distinguished professor of legerdemain, investigated the slate-writing phenomena which occurred in the presence of Mr. Eglinton, at Calcutta, in January, 1882, and in a letter addressed to the *Indian Daily News*, wrote:—"It is needless to say I went as a sceptic, but I must own that I have come away utterly unable to explain by any natural means the phenomena that I witnessed on Tuesday

evening. . . . I repeat my inability to explain or account for what must have been an intelligent force that produced the writing on the slate which, if my senses are to be relied on, was in no way the result of trickery or sleight-of-hand."

Robert Houdini, who was no doubt the greatest magician that ever lived, in a letter of many pages addressed to the Marquis Endes de Mirville, expressed his inability to explain the phenomena he witnessed in the presence of Alexis, the medium. The following is an extract from his letter:—"I have therefore returned from this seance as astonished as it is possible to be, and am persuaded that it is utterly impossible that chance or skill could ever have produced effects so wonderful."

Now, regarding the worth of Mr. Houdini's testimony against us as a man, I suggest you read Mr. Bird's account of how he tried to frame up the medium, "Margery." Mr. Bird is a man who bears a most excellent reputation for honour and integrity. We have here for your consideration a marked copy of Mr. Bird's book, "Margery the Medium"; also a few little booklets, which deal with the same matter.

The testimony upon which all of these accusations have been made against the mediums of this city, has been based upon that of Mr. Houdini and his paid spies. Shakespeare said, "Jealousy is a monster which creates the meat it feeds from." Mr. Houdini's spies in some instances are like this monster, as they created the evidence they produced. Their testimony has the same value that the testimony of paid spies generally has—it is prejudiced testimony. They did not go to the mediums to prove they were honest, but to prove they were false. How many good and honourable men in all walks of life have been framed up through the use of spies?

You, gentlemen, are of the world, men of experience, men of thought and ability; are you going to see this subject through the smoked goggles that Mr. Houdini holds up before your eyes, or are you going to think for yourselves? And before coming to any conclusion consider the testimony of such men as Dr. Alfred Russell Wallace, Sir Oliver Lodge, Sir William Crookes, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, Camille Flammarion, Prof. William Barrett, Prof. William James, Prof. J. H. Hyslop and Frederick W. H. Myers. These well-known and distinguished men, whose lives are long brilliant records of usefulness to humanity, these and many others like them are our witnesses to the fact and genuineness of Spiritualism and mediumship.

You may not be aware of it, but this matter is wholly a religious one, and the powers behind this Bill—the enemies of Spiritualism—are powerful religious bodies. The late President Harding, in speaking before a Bible class in this city, said, "In the experience of a year in the Presidency, there has come to me no other such unwelcome impression as the manifest religious intolerance which exists among many of our citizens. I hold it to be a menace to the very liberties we boast and cherish." This, gentlemen, is the power behind this Bill—religious intolerance. This is the subtle unseen hand, which pulls the strings and makes Mr. Houdini dance forth in his attacks upon our religion and its representatives. The same old ugly monster which has caused all the cruel persecution and bloodshed in this world, religious intolerance has reared its scaly head, and breathes forth its poisonous breath in our Capitol City.

You, gentlemen, may not believe as we do, that the spirits of the so-called dead can return and manifest to their loved ones of earth; yet again, you may have at some time felt the touch of a vanished hand, heard the sound of a well-remembered voice. Give us the benefit of the doubt, allow us the privilege to practise our religion and worship in our own way.

The educators who have just met in our city framed a resolution to this effect, "We would respectfully remind our fellow citizens that while legislation may impede educational progress, it has not the power to alter, modify, or set aside any immutable law of nature, of science, or of God." The work of mediums in establishing spirit communion with mortals is in accordance with a law of God, and it would be the highest blasphemy to create a law which would seek to bar its expression.

If this Bill cannot be killed in its entirety, we would ask that an amendment be added to the effect that mediums can practise their mediumship for a fee, provided they are affiliated with a Spiritualist church. The fakes in this city can be put out of business by the proper enforcement of the Licence Law. This law was created by an act of Congress and signed by President Roosevelt. If this law was properly enforced it would be impossible for fakers to work in this city.

After all, in protesting against this drastic and unjust Bill, this instrument of bigotry and intolerance, we are but asking to retain and hold, that which the Constitution of the United States guarantees us—our rights of religious worship.

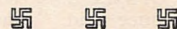
THE MILL.

By JESSIE FREEMAN.

"THE water which has passed the mill can never return." It hurries on, on down stream, gurgling, rushing, never still, always moving forward, until in the end it merges into a great river, and journeys onward toward the sea. In the same manner we can never regain lost opportunities, snatch back wasted hours, retrace our steps and grasp once more the day which has passed.

Like the stream our lives must flow ever onward, between banks decked with gay blossoms of pleasure, through sunshine and the gloom of deep shadows, over sharp stones and pebbles, yet always progressing toward the one great goal—the Sea of Death, and the Life Hereafter. Sometimes in an agony of grief and remorse we long for past hours, ache to hold again a lost opportunity, yet we cannot go back; time like the rushing water behind urges us on. We may not tarry for a moment.

Then let us take all the joy we can from the present, grasp the golden opportunities offered to do good to help others, and above all to be kind. Then we shall not desire to retrace our way, for the past, although filled with happy memories, will not hold a single bitter regret. We shall be content to go on happily, singing like the stream, taking as they come the hardships and shadows, the sunshine and flowers, and getting all the gladness we can from life, as we journey onward with our fellows, to the ultimate goal of all incarnate souls.



HOW TO BECOME AN AUTOMATIC WRITER. PLANCHETTES AND OUIJA BOARDS.

TO assist in the development of latent capabilities for writing mediumship, various mechanical devices have been constructed, the most popular of these being the planchette, a heart-shaped little board which has two legs, with wheels at the end, attached to the broader part. Near the pointed end is a hole, into which a piece of pencil is inserted.

A large sheet of paper having been spread upon the table, the sitter or sitters (two people often use it) lay their hands, or the tips of their fingers, lightly upon the upper surface and await results. If sitters are sufficiently mediumistic the instrument will begin to move, slowly at first, but faster and more decidedly later, and probably after some preliminary strokes, circles, etc., it will settle down as if guided by an unseen hand, and begin to write.

Sitters need to be patient. They may have to wait for some time—even to try, try, try again. If it will not move for one person it will probably do so for another. When it *does* move do not be too hasty in asking questions—do not expect to get *tests* right away.

Some people feel that the planchette moves of itself, so to speak, as if it were alive; with others the impulse to movement seems to be given as from their arms. Sitters occasionally do not know what has been written until the planchette is removed and the writing deciphered; others get the thought of what is about to be written simultaneously with the movements. Scarcely two mediums have exactly the same experience, therefore experiment, wait, persevere, until you get into clear communication with Intelligences who have gained pretty full control of the instrument, and are able to give you satisfactory messages.

The planchette may be used as a ouija by laying down a sheet of paper upon which the letters of the alphabet have been written or printed in a fairly large semi-circle, the words "yes" or "no" being written at either end, and figures 1 to 9 written straight across, a little lower down. Now remove the pencil and insert a small moderately sharpened stick or a pointer and the planchette may run about, point to letters or numbers, answer your questions by standing at "yes" or "no," or messenger may be spelt out as you watch its movements.

These mechanical contrivances may be helpful to some people under certain conditions, but as a rule anyone who has the gift of writing mediumship will do equally as well, and in time far better, if he will put a blank sheet of paper before him, hold a pencil in his hand, and *wait*—either for automatic or inspirational writing. Any medium, in whose presence tables move or raps occur, will be most likely to succeed with the above-named boards. No one can guarantee that they will move with everyone who experiments with them, or promise that intelligent results will be immediately secured.—*Quoted from E. W. and M. H. Wallis's "Guide to Mediumship."*

The Present Crisis in Theosophy.

By W. LOFTUS HARE, F.T.S.

THE publication of my article, "Can the Theosophical Society be saved?" in the widely-read pages of this journal, has brought me considerable correspondence and much information on the subject. The critical stage was reached when the President and Vice-President of the Theosophical Society invited the national societies separately to subscribe to a new World Religion after seven days' notice! The invitation was, to all esoteric members, equivalent to a royal command, and was instantly obeyed by those who (as the Chinese historian would say) "lack the courage to show it disrespect."

Canada, however, declined to subscribe, and Czecho-Slovakia withdrew *in toto* from the Society when, I hear, its charter was presented to the "loyal" minority—a very Besantine touch! I doubt if the requisite seven lodges are left there—but they will be created for the occasion! In England the London Lodge seceded in protest from the National Society, and two smaller lodges returned their charter in disgust. Several other provincial lodges have sent in protesting resolutions, and I know at least ten lodges—there are probably more—which are opposed to the new policy. Ireland is split in twain, and the reformers lost their resolution of protest at the annual meeting by two votes only. In Egypt two lodges have returned their charters. In South Africa some prominent members have resigned and started an independent movement.

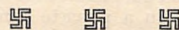
News from Tunis is contained in the following extract: "Our correspondent in North Britain has forwarded to us your manifesto in the *International Psychic Gazette*; you have done well to protest against the grotesque mummeries of the bottle-fed Messiah, and you will do wisely to beware of its Jesuitical wire-pullers. The attempted usurpation is most sinister black-magic of the Brothers of the Left-hand Path."

The officials, who know a good deal more about the state of the Society than I do, either remain mum or assure us that "everything in the garden is lovely," which pleases such innocent souls as your correspondent Mr. A. P. Wilkins (see letter below). May I have a word with him? I admit, he says, that the National Society has a democratic constitution, but I maintain it is esoterically governed by those who are pledged to obey Mrs. Besant. This pledge and all that follows from it make the constitution null and void. A very distinguished member informs me that Mrs. Besant now cares nothing for rules and constitutions, and has a greater affair on her hands in the production of a World Teacher, a World Religion, a Liberal Catholic Church, and a World University! Very likely; I only remark that since these things have no concern with the Theosophical Society, we need a new President who will respect the members and the constitution.

In the present circumstances Mr. Wilkins' invitation to me—to set about converting the unconvertible—is made, I suppose, with his tongue in his cheek. He chides me with writing articles for "such journals and daily papers as care to accept them." Why should I not?—but have I done so? The present controversy began with a published interview with a head-quarters official which was so inaccurate that I felt called upon to correct it by an interview as short as his. For this I was censured by the National Council at the invitation of Mr. Clifford Best, acting in collusion with the Chairman, who broke the standing orders. Since then I have published nothing except the article in these pages.

Readers of this *Gazette* will, I think, be interested to know something about the origin of the "Liberal Catholic Church." In April, 1908, the late Rev. Arnold Harris Matthew obtained episcopal consecration. He in his turn laid hands upon the Rev. F. S. Willoughby in October, 1914, and in September, 1916, he consecrated Mr. Gauntlett and Mr. Robert King, both Theosophists. Willoughby, King, and Gauntlett united to make Mr. Wedgwood a bishop in February, 1916, and he promptly laid his hands on Mr. Leadbeater in July of the same year. In 1922 Mr. Wedgwood was induced to resign

the Church, and was followed soon after in resignation by Mr. Gauntlett—though for very different reasons! A further crop of bishops—Mazel, Irving Cooper and Pigott—winds up with the most sensational of all—Mr. Geo. Arundale, Mrs. Besant's right-hand man. Mr. Robert King has lately resigned. Priests innumerable have been ordained all over the world. This church was *ordered* to be supported by members of the Esoteric School of the T.S., in May, 1917. Hence these tears!



LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

"CAN THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY BE SAVED?"

Norbury S.W.16.

SIR,—The dramatic title, chosen by Mr. W. L. Hare for his article in your March issue, savours of the ridiculous to the great majority of the members of the Society concerned. From the privileged position which he formerly enjoyed as a member of the governing body of the Society in this country, he attacked the words and actions of the officials of the movement. He found, however, that he was in a minority of *one* on the said body (the National Council) in his expressed and implied opinions. Since then he has been actively pursuing his policy against the acknowledged leaders of the Society, by contributing similar articles to that under discussion to such journals and daily papers as care to accept them.

From a careful reading of Mr. Hare's article it is clear that the questions he raises are matters for the collective concern of the members of the Society alone. If, as is the case, the great majority of the 5,000 members in England prefer to accept the statements and views of Mrs. Besant, Mr. Leadbeater, and other of our leaders, to those of Mr. Hare, why should he be so querulous? He admits that the National Society of the T.S. is democratically governed, and *his* business, therefore, is to convert to his own opinions, if he can, his poor misguided brethren within the movement, but in this he has, so far, most signally failed.

Despite the misgivings of Mr. Hare and his friends as to the future of the Theosophical Society, the new recruits in this section of it more than balance the resignations, there being, roughly, five new members for each one who resigned. This is shown by the most recently published figures, which give for the last three months of 1925: new members 303, and resignations 64.—Yours truly,

A. P. WILKINS, F.T.S.

SPIRITUALISM AND THEOSOPHY.

W. Croydon.

DEAR SIR,—In my opinion Spiritualism and Theosophy are two schools of philosophy that go hand in hand. One is the outcome of the other, and both teach the higher ideals of life. I am a Spiritualist to the backbone, but I am also a devoted Theosophist. People will say—you cannot be both. Why not? Madame Champion de Crespigny said on one occasion that where Spiritualism ends Theosophy begins. That is my view also. Spiritualism gives us proof of life after death, and shows the possibility of communion with those who have passed behind the veil, but there is a limit to its teaching, and that is where Theosophy steps in. It opens to our inner consciousness a vista of knowledge undreamt of by the man in the street. We realise for the first time what we are, why we are here, and what will be our ultimate goal.

Why the petty quarrellings and hair-splitting arguments which occur on both sides, over views and beliefs which do not matter? Beliefs alone will not give us a passport to heaven, but rather—by the works ye do, ye shall be known. It is no use shouting the word "Brotherhood" from the housetops, it must be lived. "Love thy neighbour as thyself, and do unto others as ye would be done by." Humanity has yet to learn the simple lesson The Christ taught 2,000 years ago—"Love One Another"—Yours truly,

IDA M. DIXON.

"This exploitation of Krishnamurti is a shameful stunt. Some of the people behind him have run the gamut of a dozen faiths and are, in fact, religious tramps. Others have been roped in from the ranks of advanced theosophists. Thousands of theosophists are so disgusted by the effrontery of their whilom colleagues that the society has been split. Not only is this thing a shameful stunt, it is also a wicked blasphemy."—Rev. B. G. Bouchier in "*Everybody's Weekly*."

THE MEDIUMSHIP OF MR. F. T. MUNNINGS.

(Letter to the Editor.)

March 3, 1926.

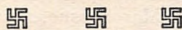
SIR,—The most puzzling and disconcerting cases which we ever encounter are those where a medium has intermittent psychic powers—sometimes of a high order—which are accompanied by a total want of moral perception, so that he is prepared to supplement such powers by cold-blooded and deliberate artifice when it suits his purpose. Mr. F. T. Munnings is an example of this type of medium, and it is our duty, after having some experience of his work, to warn the public that they sit with him at their own risk. We know of cases where the psychic result has been beyond suspicion and we know of others—notably one recently in a private family—where he has been exposed in obvious fraud with the tools for deception in his possession. We trust that this warning may prevent any such incident in the future.—Yours faithfully,

R. H. SAUNDERS.

H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE.

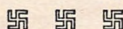
ABRAHAM WALLACE, M.D.



PIONEERING SPIRITUALISM AT BATH.

By HY. N. SHEPPARD.

MR. WILL CARLOS last autumn decided to spend a fortnight's holiday in our "Queen City of the West," on account of his health. He was favoured with fine weather and during his stay three ladies called to see him. They said they had seen his articles in the *Psychic Gazette*, and wished that Spiritualist meetings might be held in Bath. They told him that attempts had already been made to form a society, but these had all failed, which I can quite understand, for the people in this part of the country are conservative rather than progressive compared with people elsewhere. So after hunting around the city Mr. Carlos secured a residential flat and sent for his wife and family to come. He also tried to find a meeting-place either in the Assembly Rooms, the Oddfellows' Hall, or the Foresters' Hall, without success, but eventually engaged a room at Citizen House, which is a famous old building. Then he advertised that services would commence on the first Sunday in September. At the first meeting very few attended, but on the second Sunday there was a fair attendance. Complaints arose immediately from people holding services in the same edifice, and the time of meeting was changed, but that did not satisfy them, so at last The Little Theatre was engaged in the same building but with a different entrance, which resulted in a better attendance, which still continues. Two weekday meetings are held at Mr. Carlos' residence at 6 Upper Boro Walls, and the collections at the three meetings prove sufficient to cover expenses. Our Thursday circle for developing psychic faculties is very promising. One lady is already a very good clairvoyant, and two or three others, including myself, are developing our various gifts.

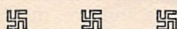


THE BOWL OF ROSES.

You speak to me of love,
Of peace and purity,
I see God's kiss on every petal fair;
In every golden heart,
His perfect smile is there;
Your bloom is but
The impress of His touch—
Your fragrance but His breath.

You speak to me of joy,
Of harmonies divine,
Of birds' sweet songs and bluest skies most rare;
Of laughing eyes that know
Not any earthly care;
Of tend'rest lips' unfelt caress,
And silver voice unheard;
Of loving hands unseen,
Stretched out to guard and bless.

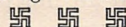
GORDON GEDDES.



MADAM HURST, who has done such beneficent work in rescue circles, is at present sojourning at Sunny Creek Ranch, Colfax, California. We give her address for the benefit of American Spiritualists who may wish to hear something of her remarkable experiences.

FORTUNE FORETOLD AT A SPIRITUALIST SEANCE.—*The People* of March 14 narrates that Mr. A. Smith, Island Road, Barry, a well-known local Spiritualist, recently held a seance in his home with a few friends. During the sitting a spirit-voice gave the initials of various people, and among them those of an uncle whom Mr. Smith had never seen and had heard nothing of for a long time. Then the voice informed the company that a large amount of money had been left to Mr. Smith. This announcement was greeted with sceptical laughter, and Mr. Smith came in for a great deal of good-natured chaff. The incident was almost forgotten when a letter was received from an American solicitor saying that his uncle (whose initials had been given) had died and had left him a sum of about £20,000 and a controlling interest in certain large chemical factories worth over £200,000. *The People's* correspondent says, "There can be no question as to the genuineness of the legacy."

DEAD BODY FOUND BY ASTROLOGY.—An inquest was held at Burnley on February 26 on the body of Edward Whitehead, a colliery winder, aged sixty-three. Evidence showed that deceased had been depressed and had disappeared. His married daughter telephoned to a London astrologer for help in finding him, giving the date of her father's birth and the time of his disappearance. The astrologer erected maps for these times and made certain deductions. The daughter's husband, following his instructions, began to drag the canal at a particular spot, and only threw the grappling iron into the water three times when he caught hold of the body. The coroner described this finding of the deceased as "a remarkable coincidence."—Lilly, the astrologer, who predicted the fire and plague of London by astrology and was honoured by Parliament, made a fine art of recovering things lost in any way, and gives many interesting examples of his method in his famous work on the subject. We shall be pleased to hear from any astrological friend of recent well-authenticated instances. Or has this branch of the art succumbed from the terrors of the Witchcraft Act, which imposes a penalty of twelve months' imprisonment and quarterly exhibition in the stocks of the nearest market town, for thus "pretending" (even successfully) to find goods or cattle, lost, stolen or strayed? This law still holds good, though the stocks have vanished!



OUR READERS' TESTIMONIES.

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A Chicago Subscriber: "It affords me much pleasure to renew my subscription. Every number has been most interesting and enlightening, particularly the fight you and your followers are so nobly making against those old and repugnant Witchcraft and Vagrancy Acts, which are nothing more than a disgrace to England. Let us hope that, once you get the ball rolling in Parliament, our angel guides and loved ones will so strongly impress your champions in the cause of truth, that the victory will be a clean cut one."



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 (The Cosmic Touch)
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